WORLD WAR II TIMES

"Date of Infamy"

P.O.W. Souchow

God and a candy bar

Colin Kelly, America finds a hero

"Marauder" memorial

Our Third Anniversary

And plenty of Lace

November 1988

$2.00

Thoughts from a Royal 440

Elbert L. Watson

Memory and vigilence

Blue skies, fluffy clouds, and balmy waters greeted American servicemen stationed at Pearl Harbor that fateful December 7, 1941.

The usual military ceremonies were underway. Colors were going up aboard the battleship USS ARIZONA while the ship's band played. Lazily flying in the bright-blue morning skies was flight instructor Cornelia Fort, with one of her students. Arousing himself from sleep was Adrian Marks, a reserve Naval officer, who had just arrived in Hawaii with 200 fellow reservists.

Then it happened! Appearing first as dotted specks on the northern horizon, 181 Japanese aircraft roared down in steady lines toward the harbor and the innocent scene below. They were a formidable force of fighters, dive bombers, and torpedo planes — piloted by the most highly trained pilots in the world.

"Tora, Tora, Tora," shouted Commander Mitsuo Fuchida. The "Day of Infamy" had begun.

The dive bombers and fighters headed for the air bases, while the torpedo planes and high level bombers selected the ships. ARIZONA took a direct hit which detonated the forward magazine. More than 80 percent of her men perished, including every member of the band.

At the U.S. air bases, equally vulnerable, almost all aircraft were destroyed or severely damaged.

Imperial Japan that day sowed the wind; she would reap the whirlwind.

The price paid to fight this terrible aggression was incalculable. When it was over, America had given up over 450,000 young lives for a cause they deemed right and just.

Was their noble sacrifice in vain? We wonder sometimes. Were we too quick to forgive and forget?

Americans should be ever vigilent of those "tiny specks" which appear over distant horizons, even when they come as allies like Japan, whose current obsession with race, religion, and historical revisionism raises genuine questions.

We owe this vigilence to those, long since gone, who asked nothing in return except that they always be remembered as "honored dead."

Letters

Hurt feelings

I get a kick when people say we shouldn't hurt the feelings of the Japanese. Can you imagine how quick we could have stopped Hitler if we could have used our resources in Europe instead of the Pacific. I was 17 years old and looking forward to attending Northeastern University, Civil Engineering, which was not to be because of those people. Good luck.

Dana C. Winner
Natick, MA

Second wave

I was a member of the 94th Naval Construction battalion, stationed at Guam in 1944-45. Our Battalion built the B-29 base there. I saw the "Enola Gay" at Guam after the bomb was dropped. I feel sure those two bombs (Nagasaki) saved my life. Our outfit was supposed to go in with the second wave in the invasion of Japan.

B.C. Harpole
West Point, Mississippi

A GUNNER'S VOW

I wish to be a pilot
And you along with me,
But if we all were pilots,
Where would the Air Force be?
It takes guts to be a gunner;
To sit out in the tail
When the Messerschmitts are coming,
And the slugs begin to wail.
The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane;
But it's we who do the fighting
Though we may not get the fame.
If we all must be gunners,
Then let us make this bet,
We'll be the best damned gunners,
Who have left this station yet.

Author Unknown

Questionable goals

World War II veterans and buffs should take a long look at Martin Harwit, director of the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum. Harwit, an astrophysicist who was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, appears determined to dramatically alter the nationalistic focus of the museum.

According to Elizabeth Kastor, staff writer for the Washington Post, Harwit, if he has his way, will pay more attention to "the accomplishments of other nations." That's great news for American taxpayers, isn't it?

Harwit's intentions get even more murky when he says he intends to lead the museum in "public examinations of subjects vastly more controversial than the moon rock or the Spirit of St. Louis."

And what are these "examinations?" Well, to begin with he has this "thing" about World War II's strategic bombing, which destroyed cities and killed people.

He asks: "One of the questions you can ask is how militarily effective was this — did the losses to bomber command outweigh the military gains? And what about the destruction and suffering of people on the ground. Essentially we'd like to have the exhibit as a counterpoint to the World War II gallery we have now, which portrays the heroism of the airmen, but neglects to mention in any real sense of the misery of war."

The "Enola Gay," Harwit says, will become part of the strategic bombing exhibit, thus placing that historic artifact in an undeserved controversial role for viewing by the American public.

Mr. Harwit, in our opinion, represents faulty and dangerous ideas, which are an affront to America's honored veterans of the skies. This spurious thinking apparently does not enable him to understand that death and destruction fell from the skies December 7, 1941 on unsuspecting young Americans going about their business.

Nor, is it likely that he comprehends the multiplied thousands of lives that were saved as a result of the dramatic mission carried out by the "Enola Gay" and her crew.

Harwit's veiled slap at the "heroism of the airmen" should draw quick reaction from every pilot or crewmember who went aloft on perilous missions during World War II to end the insanity that was sweeping across this unhappy world.

We confess to being a bit old fashioned; old fashioned in the sense that we feel the national interest is best served by honoring and elevating those who were called upon to perform great deeds for their country, and, if necessary, expend their lives.

These values, we feel, do not entitle the "other side" to equal time in our national institutions. They have their own places to carry out such rites.

Our salute to America's veterans

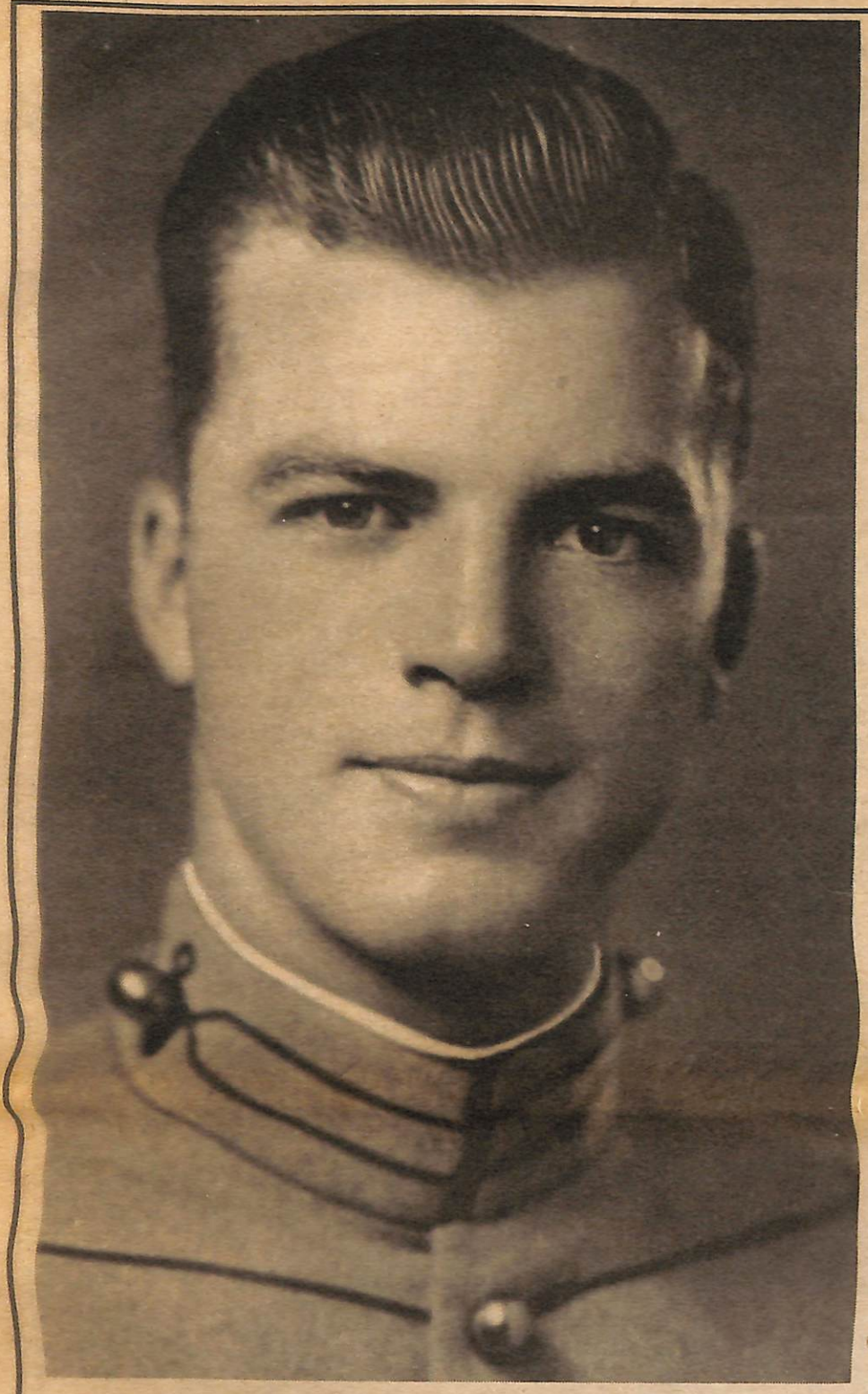
We believe this is our finest publication to date. Three years ago we started out with limited material which reached an audience concentrated in central Indiana. Today we are in every state, except five, and four foreign countries, Great Britain, Australia, Japan, and Canada. We are deeply indebted to many veterans and World War II enthusiasts for making this accomplishment possible.

In this special issue, coming near Veterans Day, we are happy to include stories of the Vietnam War and World War I. They deserve the recognition and praise. One important story, a firsthand account of the amazing escape from Chosin Reservoir during the Korean War, did not materialize but will appear later.

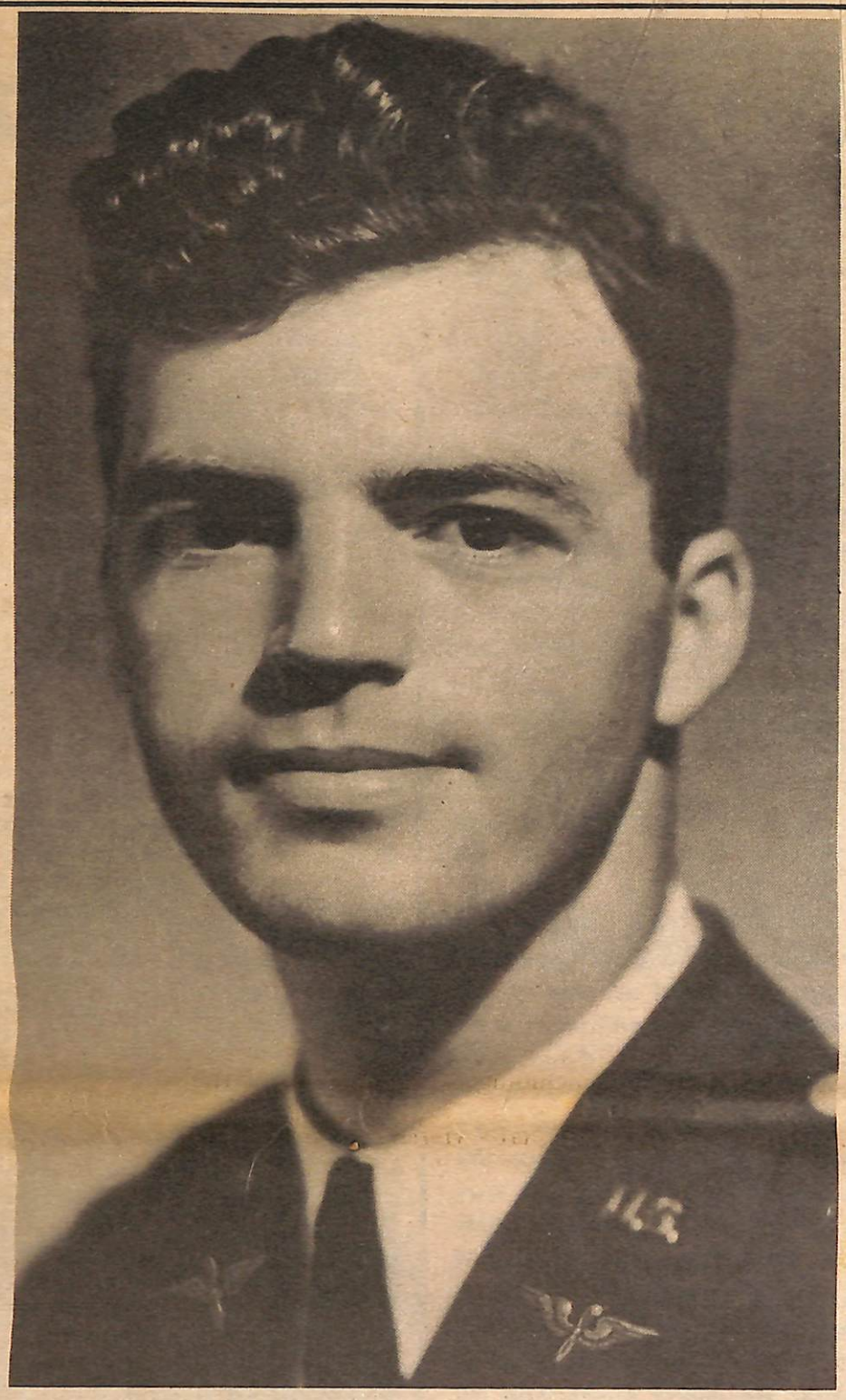
You'll enjoy the variety of stories in this issue. The account of PFC Souchow very likely will bring a lump to your throat. A diary kept by Fred Madorin during his imprisonment in Rumania is one of the most lucid and descriptive journals we have ever seen. Two writers, Charles Davis (deceased) and Frank Ehrman share with us their dramatic memories. Davis typifies many young men who left rural life to go away to war, while Ehrman touches emotions as he describes seeing brave troopers within hours of drawing their last breath at D-Day.

Rex Redifer of the Indianapolis Star takes us back to Pearl Harbor to dramatically recall that "day of infamy." And many readers will meet Colin P. Kelly, America's first hero of the war.

We confess to being rather conservative where the preservation of America's military history is concerned. We owe this to the men and women who served and fought to maintain and sustain our way of life.



Kelly's class of 1937 West Point photo.



Familiar photo of Kelly distributed nationwide.

America's first hero

Maynard Harris

Here lies an American soldier. He is dead. There is no blood in his hollow cheek. In his twisted hand there is no nerve. He is dead. Who among us will speak for this man? Who will say what there is to be said? Who will set forth what the dead deserve concerning the dead? It is not easy for us to speak. In his empty heart there is no song. There is no light in the eyeless head. Are there no words in a cynic world to honor the dead?

The words of the above poem by Russell W. Davenport emphasize that freedom is every American's duty to defend and pass along to future generations. As a nation, if we don't know where we've been, we really don't know where we're going. If we don't remember our past, we hardly have a future.

Many Americans have paid the supreme price to defend our American way of life. One of these heroes is Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., our country's first hero in World War II.

Men who had little but courage and determination, faced the Japanese in the Philippines after December 7, 1941. Seldom in any war has any country asked its fighting men to stand against such overwhelming odds; no replacements, no adequate communication system, inadequate air warning setup, not enough airfields for effective despersal of aircraft, little anti-aircraft defense, obsolete fuse-type powder, shortage oxygen and 50-caliber ammunition, and obsolete fighter aircraft.

With all of this against our fighting men, the Army Air Corp was called upon to meet an enemy who not only possessed an overwhelming numerical superiority in aircraft, but who also had previous battle experience in China.

Until Japan struck, our outnumbered squadrons in the Philippines were limited by War Department directives to purely defensive operations from fields already known to Japanese from night reconnaissance missions over them.

At 9:35 A.M., December 10, 1942, at Clark Field in the Philippines, 26 year old Deputy Squadron Leader Captain Colin P. Kelly's obsolete B-17C Flying Fortress, loaded with gasoline and

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Semper Fi!

Souchow of the 4th Marines

William R. Evans

During the late summer and fall of 1937, the Chinese army was locked in mortal combat with Japanese invading forces in the city of Shanghai to the north of Soochow Creek. American and British forces were guarding the bridges across the creek to prevent hostilities from spilling over into the International Settlement of the city. The American forces were the United States 4th Marines, which had been stationed in Shanghai for over 10 years and were known throughout the Corps at the "China Marines."

One dark, rainy evening a small white and brown mongrel puppy appeared at one of the Marine outposts and took it to be his home, barking and snapping at any Chinese collie that dared come near. After several days, with the Marines bringing the puppy tidbits of food, he was taken to the B Company Compound on Ferry Loo road and officially adopted as a Marine Corps mascot.

When he grew to his full size, which was never more than 35 pounds, the Marines had uniforms made for their mascot who had appropriately been named Soochow. He became a legend in his own time as he was seen riding between B Company compound and the 4th Marine Club, on Bubbling Well Road, in ricksaws wearing his own tailor made uniform and out on the town drinking UB beer and eating sirloin steaks with his Marine buddies.

PFC Souchow with fellow Marine, "Pappy" Wells shortly after their release from imprisonment.

In late November 1941, when the Marines were evacuated to the Philippines, PFC Soochow was smuggled aboard the President Harrison to make the voyage with them. About a week after the Marines arrived at Olongapo, a U.S. Navy Base at the northwestern end of Bataan, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

The 4th Marines were charged with the defense of the island fortress of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay. Soochow went with B Company, 1st Battalion, which was assigned to the eastern, or tail section, of the tadpole shaped island.

Soochow soon learned the value of a foxhole and took full advantage of it as the Japnaese rained bombs and artillery shells on the island for the next four

PFC Souchow leads his fellow China Marines in pre-war Shanghai, China.

months. His fine sense of hearing alerted his fellow Marines to incoming enemy planes long before they were detected by the primitive radar in use at that time. During the infrequent lulls he could be seen trotting up and down the heavily mined beaches, not weighing enough to set off the explosives.

When Corregidor fell on May 6, 1942, Soochow was also taken prisoner and for some inexplicable reason the Japanese permitted the Marines to keep and care for our hero. PFC Bob Snyder, of B Company, was the principal caretaker of Soochow and took him off Corregidor to Bilibid Prison in Manila and later to the main prisoner of war camp at Cabanatuan.

For the next 32 months Soochow was kept alive by Snyder or, if Snyder was sick, some other Marine collecting a few grains of rice and a spoon full of soup for him from each Marine, at meal time, because he was not entitled to a ration of his own.

It boggles the mind to think of the love and devotion these tough Marines showed for their little buddy to give up even a small part of the starvation rations they were issued.

Soochow's gravemarker on Guadalcanal Street, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, California.

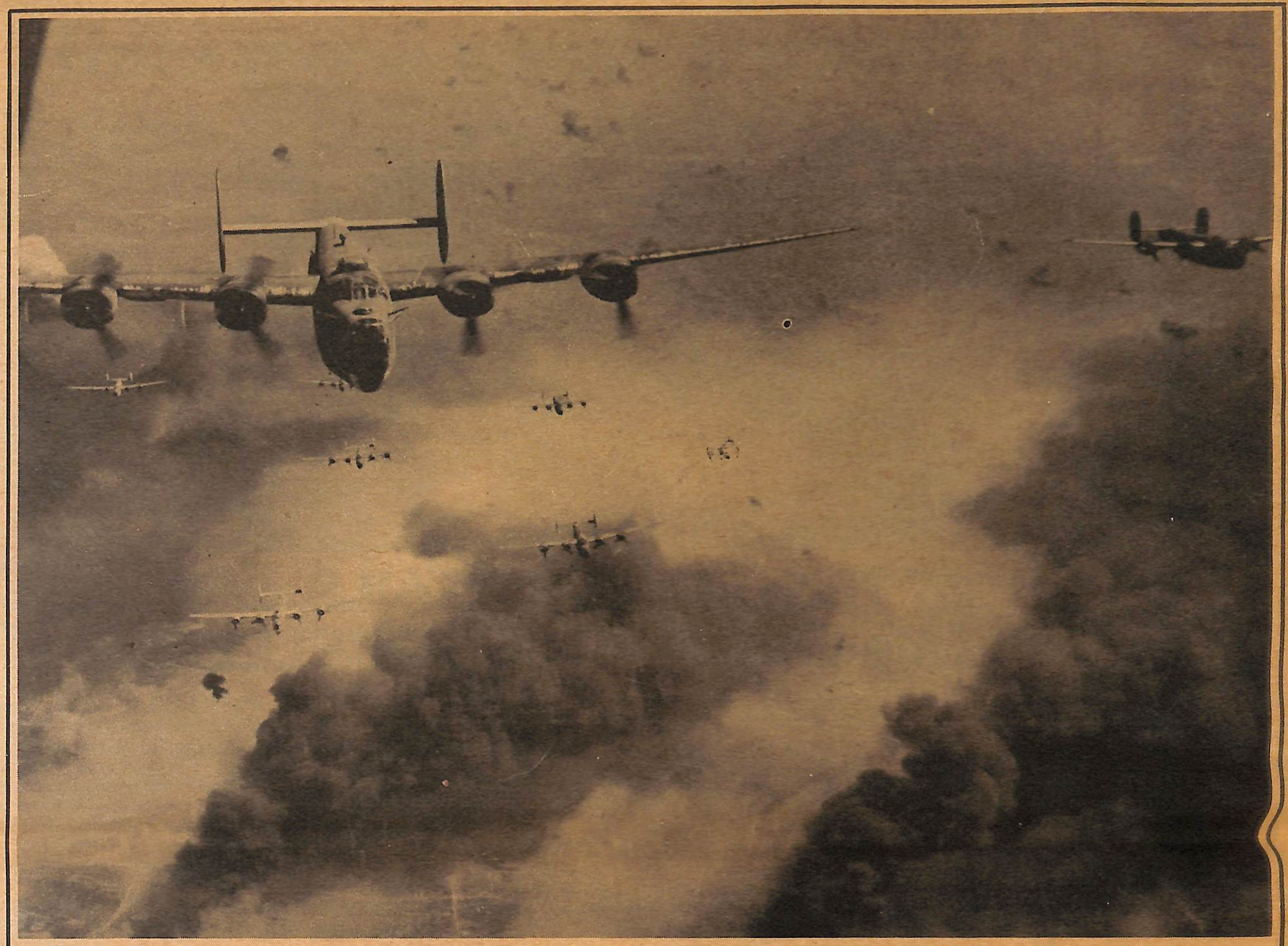
In Mid-November 1944, Snyder was shipped out of Cabanatuan with a large group of prisoners bound for Japan, and elected to leave Soochow in the care of some of the remaining Marines. Six weeks later Snyder was killed when U.S Navy planes bombed the unmarked prison ship he was aboard in the harbor of Tako, Formosa.

When the last group of "able bodied" prisoners left Cabanatuan for Manila, Soochow was taken with them. He was back at Bilibid Prison when liberated by the U.S. Army's 37th Infantry Division on February 4, 1945.

These repatriated ex-POW's were to be returned home on the Army Transport USS Pueblo (the same spy ship that years later was captured by the North Koreans), but the captain refused to allow Soochow aboard, so the Navy had him flown to the States accompanied by Technical Sergeant Paul J. "Pappy" Wells, 1st Battalion Mess Sergeant.

The now Corporal Soochow was sent to the Marine Recruit Depot in San Diego, California where he became a heoric, pampered base mascot. As he trotted alongside the marching boots few, if any, knew the history of that ugly little dog or could even imagine the things those small shining black eyes had seen.

On April 21, 1948, Sergeant Soochow, former China Marine, passed on to wherever all brave Marines go. His grave marker along with other Marine Corps mascots, can be seen on Guadalcanal Street at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego. He will go down in the history of the Corps with such other greats as Lou Diamond and Pappy Boyington.



Dramatic shot of high level bombing raid over Ploesti, Rumania, June, 1944.

In the shadows of Ploesti

Fred Madorin's POW diary

Ploesti, Rumania, which provided crucial oil for Hitler's war machine, was one of the most difficult targets of Allied air power.

The oil refineries were first struck on August 1, 1943, by 177 American B-24 D's (each equipped with 4,000 pounds of explosives) which made a controversial low level attack at 500 feet. Lost in the controversial raid were 54 bombers and 532 men killed or wounded.

Subsequent attacks at high altitude did further damage, but tough defenses and well trained damage control teams kept the refineries operating until August 1944 just before Soviet troops occupied the area.

On April 16, Fred Madorin, co-pilot of "Pistol Packing Mama, " took off from Grottaglie AFB, Italy on what should have been a comparatively easy mission to Brasov, Rumania. Unfortunately, the formation was broken up when the planes ran into high overcast. Before "PPM" could tack on to another formation, M.E. 109's swept in and shot out the number three engine, the hydraulic accumulator, and set the Bombay on fire.

With the Bombay doors a mass of flames, Madorin and his pilot Dale Rogers climbed up the tunnel and went out the nose wheel door at 6,000 feet — a drop regarded as practically impossible.

Captured shortly after he landed, Madorin was taken by a truck to Piteste. Several days later he was sent to a POW camp in Bucharest, and for the next several months sweated out one Allied raid after another.

To occupy his time, Madorin kept an informative diary of prison life. Many of his entries are comprehensive while others touch only on small items in the daily fare around the camp.

Printed here are experts from Madorin's gripping thoughtful account of how he and his comrades survived months of incarceration in the land of the enemy. We feel this is one of the most valuable accounts kept by an American serviceman under difficult circumstances.

April 21, 1944

Experienced my first air raid. None came very close. I was interrogated again then taken to another building where all of the prisoners in Camp #2 were kept after they had been interrogated. The food here isn't good, but it is getting better all the time. The only objection we have is that we are being kept in this large city in a military target.

May 7, 1944

Americans plastered the city in one of the worst raids of the war. Luckily it wasn't part of the town. The smoke is up to at least 10,000 feet and from what we can see that part of the city is virtually demolished. We are just about all nervous wrecks because we realize the city is going to be bombed off of the map.

May 9, 1944

We are eating bread and water today because some smart guy among us poured water out of the window on a sentry. We are also sweating out the Americans again. I sure hope they don't pattern bomb the city.

May 11, 1944

We spent our first time out in the

open since coming to our new prison. They have a board wall completely around the school with barb wire up to twelve feet. They also have barb wire entanglements about four feet high reaching from the fence to six feet into the ground, so it is practically impossible to get to the fence, and an attempted escape is very foolish.

May 14, 1944

Mother's Day and the thought in most of our minds is the hope that our parents know that we are prisoners and not missing in action. I hope they didn't get the missing in action notice.

May 16, 1944

Evidently someone from the Swiss Legation is coming here for an inspection because the Rumanians are really hustling and bustling around here cleaning up. The poor Russian prisoners are really getting a work out. I am glad that I am an American and not a Russian. The Russians really lead a dog's life as prisoners. I can see now why the Russians fight with such a ferocity. They have reason to hate the Rumanians.

May 24, 1944

The headlines in the papers yesterday was about the invasion. We don't know if it has started or not, but there is quite a bit of troop activity here this morning. They are moving quite a few troops through the city towards the N.E. My weight is 169 pounds.

May 24, 1944

I am tired of playing war and I am ready to quit. I think that a prisoner more than any other soldier gets disgusted with the army of his own country because when I realize how easy it would be for us to invade Rumania and how soon the people would capitulate, it makes me realize that war is just a means for some men to make money. These people would surrender to us in a minute, but they are deathly afraid of Russia and that is why they are fighting.

June 2, 1944

Nothing new today. This is one of those days where everything gripes me. My nerves are just about gone. I never have liked the darn army and this place doesn't help. I have never seen such a congregation of worthless bums in my life. I can see why they were shot down and I guess I fall in that category too.

June 13, 1944

A lot of rumors today. The best one has the Russians just 60 miles from here. I sure hope that is true. It may mean we will get home sooner than I expected.

June 17, 1944

Today has been a disastrous day for us here in the camp. Our food rations have been cut in half and we get meat one day a week. Our food hasn't ever been too much and now to have it cut in half means we will really go hungry. I sure hope the war ends soon.

Fred Madorin, brave pilot, serious diarist.

The Germans have put out an announcement that London has been raided with radio controlled planes and radio controlled bombs. They say London is kaput. Of course, we know that isn't true. We haven't heard anything about the invasion. I hope it is going ok.

June 18, 1944

Good news today. The major managed to get hold of a newspaper and he read quite a bit of it. Our troops are doing ok in Italy and we read where B-29's had bombed Japan. That is good news, even if that war doesn't mean anything to us here in Bucharest.

June 21, 1944

The Prison Camp Follies was put on tonight and it had a lot of laughs. The fellows in the show showed a lot of ingenuity and deserve a lot of praise for their effort. Before the show could be put on, however, the Rumanians had to have an English speaking Rumanian officer sit in on the show to make sure we wouldn't say or make fun of the Rumanian govenment.

June 30, 1944

Well another month has ended and I don't seem any nearer home than I was when I was shot down. Other than a lot of wild rumors. The lines seem to be pretty stable and the invasion doesn't seem to be getting anywhere.

Time is wasting and my life is running on. I wonder whether or not Genie will wait for me. I am very disgusted, lonesome and homesick today. I hope this mess ends soon.

July 3, 1944

The Americans came today, they hit the Marshalling Yards and the airfields. They rallied right over the building and scared most of us. Two American Sergeants nerves are gone. They had to be held during the raid. They shook and cried all through the raid and I really feel sorry for them. I know that it is only my faith in God that keeps me going.

July 4, 1944

I'm not very free or independent. This is a beautiful July day and if we weren't prisoners, it would be a joy to be alive. I hope the big birds don't come this morning.

July 19, 1944

We heard today that the Russians were across the country of Prussia and to the Polish corridor. We also heard from a fellow that has just come from the hospital. He says that while they were there he was visited by a princess and she said Rumania would be out of the war by August 15th.

August 3, 1944

The 15th didn't come. We know that it is true about Turkey.

The Red Cross came with the clothing and all of the stuff from Geneva. Things are picking up around here. We were issued the clothing tonight and we were like a bunch of kids with a new toy and also very grateful to be citizens of such a wonderful country as the U.S.

August 10, 1944

Sweating out another alarm this morning. We aren't sure but we believe that they are heavies.

The 15th really hit Ploesti today. The smoke was up to at least 20,000 feet and it spread over the city of Bucharest, 30 miles away.

August 20, 1944

No raid today by the 15th.

Jim Devereaux came in today. He went down on the 18th. I thought that he would be home by now. I sure was glad to see somebody from home. He told me that he had heard that I was a prisoner from home, so that means my folks and Genie know.

August 23, 1944

The greatest day of my life. We received our first Red Cross packages. As I write this, I am sitting in our mess hall drinking coffee after being addressed by a Rumanian Colonel from the General staff who informed us of the capitulation and that we would be liberated as soon as possible.

August 26, 1944

I slept all night and I feel much better today. Everything has put us on edge this morning and we don't know what to expect.

The American heavies came this morning and this time they looked wonderful. They bombed north of town. We were worried for awhile, but we know that they are working with the Rumanian high command.

August 29, 1944

The Colonel told us today, that the American B-17's would come in Thursday and fly us to Italy, and we are all so excited we don't know what to do.

September 1, 1944

What a wonderful thing it is to be free again.

September 13, 1944

Said goodbye to Italy from the French Line "Athos the Second" and turned our eyes towards the U.S. land of the brave and the free.

FRED MADORIN and wife Genie, the subject of many of his diary entries.

Troops of the 3rd Battalion, 16 Infantry Regiment, 1st Infantry Division, carrying full equipment move along a cliff on Omaha Beach.

Remembering a friend

John Morley

Almost 43 years ago when I was a lad of 15, my seaside hometown of Bournemouth on the South Coast of England played host to thousands of GI's who stayed here for a brief period before crossing the Channel for the invasion of Europe on D-Day, June 6, 1944. I shall never know what happened to many of those brave young men of so many years ago, but I do know what happened to one of them.

My home was only a short distance from the cliffs at Boscombe in Bournemouth. I can clearly remember being woken at about 6 o'clock in the morning on D-Day by the rumble of distant gunfire, although it was 70 miles away on the other side of the Channel. All that day the Liberators and Fortresses of the U.S.A.F. flew overhead and out to sea. Soon our town was empty, our friendly guests had gone.

Some weeks before, in fact right up to the eve of D-Day, I would meet a few friends each evening around the corner from my parents' home at the old Granville Garage in Granville Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, where we would chat with whoever happened to be on guard duty. The Granville Garage was at that time seeing service with the U.S. Army as a supply depot. It was rather like a huge general store, stocking everything from ammunition to spare uniforms and 'k' rations.

It was usually Charley Culton who was on guard there in the evenings. He was one of the nicest guys I'd ever met, and he'd spend hours telling us about the American way of life and especially about the glorious scenery of Arizona, to which he clearly couldn't wait to return.

Sadly, Charley was never to see it again. One of our group wrote him a letter after he had gone to France but it was returned marked "Deceased." It was then that we knew he had been killed in action. He was a part of the enormous sacrifice in terms of young American lives that resulted in a free Europe. We realized that we would never see, or hear from our pal again.

Now let's rapidly accelerate in our time machine to 42 years later, and I am taking that long overdue trip to Les Plages de Debarquement (the Invasion Beaches) on the coast of Normandy in France. The reason I'd put it off for so long was that I'd spent many years living in Canada before returning to Bournemouth my hometown in the 1970's.

In order to combat middle-age spread and the effect of not nearly enough leg-exercise, I bought myself a French-made Peugeot bicycle which I converted to a lightweight tourer. Complete with pannier-bags, saddle-bag, map-holder-and in fact every modern convenience (almost!) I set off during the evening of September 1, 1986 in pouring rain for Poole, the port which adjoins Bournemouth to the West. A cross-channel Trucklines ferry had recently been established there, and for

around $30 one could get across to Cherbourg, and the bike goes free.

At 6 o'clock the next morning I arrived at Cherbourg, and eventually found myself pushing my bike up the long hill out of town. After about an hour I reached the neat little town of Valognes, where I had my breakfast in the tree-lined town square. Turning left, I knew I would soon reach the coast road which runs down the eastern side of the Cherbourg Peninsula. Down there somewhere I knew I'd eventually hit Utah Beach, where I'd known for years that the 9th Division had landed.

I remembered the distinctive red, white, and blue shoulder slash worn by those brave GI's I'd met back in Bournemouth. Here and there along the coast road were gun emplacements and huge German concrete blockhouses. Up ahead I could see fluttering flags, and although the holiday season had ended I soon rode up to "Old Glory" flying in the breeze. I was on Utah Beach, and all around me were monuments, old tanks, trucks and guns - still there 42 years on!

I rode my bike inland to get round the marshy inlet where the U.S. paratroops had landed, and soon found myself in the town square of Carentan where one U.S. paratrooper landed on the church roof. There was the old church right in the center of the square, and from inside came the sweet sound of organ music spreading out across the lunchtime stillness.

I rode on to Isigny, then turned left again for the coast where Grandcamp Maisy commences the straight stretch of invasion beaches, Omaha - U.S., Gold - British, Juno - Canadian, and Sword - British and Free French. Evening was drawing near and having covered quite enough distance for one day I found a small hotel where I rented a single room.

I didn't realize how close I was to Omaha Beach, the most difficult of all landings. Next morning, continuing east, I soon saw a large sign by the side of the road which read "U.S. Military Cemetery." I approached it along a long treelined avenue.

> *Those of us who remember the brave American boys who lived amongst us in Bournemouth in 1944 and who gave their lives for their Country and mine, will always be grateful for their supreme sacrifice. As far as I am concerned we owe our American cousins a debt we can never really repay.*

Suddenly the name "Charley Culton" came back to me across the years. I pedalled just a little faster into the cemetery which is a beautiful place, immaculately kept, with an air of dignified calm. There are 9,386 GI's at rest here in this clifftop cemetery above Omaha Beach where so many brave men fell.

The U.S. Military Cemetery is located between St. Laurent sur Mer and Colleville sure Mer. After I'd parked my bike, I was greeted by the senior member of the staff whom I took to be the superintendent in charge. He was a Frenchman, very polite, and with an impeccable knowledge of English. "Can I help you, M'sieur?" he asked.

"You wouldn't have a Charley Culton here, would you?" I asked him. "One moment M'sieur" he replied and produced a large book which he began to look through. He pointed with his finger. "Yes, here we are, - Charley Culton of Arizona, of the 9th Division, he died on 30th of June 1944, probably from wounds sustained at the time of the landing," he said.

"That's Charley," I said quietly, "Now I remember him telling us about Arizona." Then the superintendent produced a map of the graves in the cemetery and indicated approximately the position of Charley's grave, marking it with his ball pen. "Plot , Row 1, Grave 37," he said.

I walked along the rear of the first row of crosses in Plot E continuing until I felt I was near Charley's grave. I looked at the inscription on the other side. It read CHARLEY E. CULTON SGT 60 INF 9 DIV ARIZONA JUNE 30, 1944.

For me this was one of the most profound and deeply-moving experiences of my life. I stood close to my old friend for what seemed ages but which in reality was only a few minutes. I returned to the Superintendent's office, shook his hand and thanked him for the way those graves were so carefully tended. I thought to myself "42 years Charley's been lying here ... he'd be 71 if he was alive today because he was 29 when he was killed."

Those of us who remember the brave American boys who lived amongst us in Bournemouth in 1944 and who gave their lives for their Country and mine, will always be grateful for their supreme sacrifice.

That's why I thought I'd write this, in the hope that the World War II Times may be able to trace a relative of Charley Culton. I just want them to know that Charley is resting peacefully on top of the cliffs overlooking Omaha Beach and the blue water of the Channel, together with so many of his buddies.

If anyone has information on the whereabouts of Charley Culton's family, please contact the **Times** at 1010 East 86th Street, Suite 61-J, Indianapolis, IN 46240.

PHOTO COURTESY OF AVIATION HERITAGE RESEARCH CENTER

Lockheed P-38 "Lightning"

In 1936 the program was started with Lockheed Aircraft Corporation to develop the XP-38, powered by one V-1710-C8 and one V-1710-C9, 1000 horsepower engine. In production this became the famous P-38 "Lightning" which was so widely used during World War II for intercepting, escort, fighting, night fighting, reconnaissance, photography, etc. A total of 9924 was built.

The YP-38's and the P-38 began the wartime production program and were then powered by two Allison F2, left and right-hand engines, having 1150 horsepower. Subsequent models were the P-38 F series, using the F5R and L engines, the P-38 G series powered by F10R and L engines, the P-38 H and J series, with F17R and L engines, and finally the P-38 L series, have F-30 engines. All of these were manufactured from 1941 to 1945, and the main advancement in engines was the increase in horsepower and efficiency through beefing up various sections and raising the blower ratios. The F17R and L and the F30R and L had a war emergency horsepower rating of 1600 and were turbo-supercharged as were all previous models. All through the war, engine advancement kept pace with airplane production and at the war's end new and more powerful engines were available for later models of the P-38. However, emphasis was turned to an intensive jet airplane and engine program which shelved further airplane development and finally ended in cancellation of the entire production programs.

A moment in Flight History

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Between a rock and a hard place

Sgt. Vickie Graham

Joe Muratsuchi reflects on Pearl Harbor during one of his visits to the Arizona Memorial

It was a rather typical workday for 20-year old Joe Muratsuchi. After rising, he swept the shop where he worked as a bookkeeper. It was a good job, and he liked the work, mostly because he was good at numbers.

At certain hours of the day, he and a young co-worker would turn on the radio for the latest stock market quotes, listening especially for the current price of silk. But instead of market news, the first thing they heard this day was the national anthem, followed by an announcement from headquarters.

That typical day was December 8, 1941, and Joe Muratsuchi — American citizen — was working not in his native Idaho, but for a company in Gifu, Japan.

"I knew something was going on, but didn't pay much attention, because I didn't speak Japanese very well," Mr. Muratsuchi explained from his office at Hickam AFB, Hawaii, where he now writes the history for the Pacific Information Systems Division. "I could pick up a few words and phrases if they were spoken slowly, but that was all. I asked a co-worker what had happened, and that's when I found out the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor."

The following month, he received a pink slip — a draft notice — for induction into the Japanese Army. "There was no escape," he recalled. "They wouldn't let me leave the country. The recruiting officer, a full colonel, told me "You're in Japan, your parents, are Japanese, therefore, you are considered Japanese, too.' It didn't matter that I was a U.S. citizen."

If he refused to serve the emperor, Mr. Muratsuchi was faced with two choices; a harsh stint in a Japanese prison or death by firing squad.

Little did he know that when he arrived in Japan three years earlier as a 17-year old graduate of Twin Falls High School, that he would one day serve a foreign government's army, especially during wartime. Born in Kimberly, Idaho, the American teenager had come to Japan with his parents so his ailing father could spend the last few years of his life with the brothers and sisters he had left behind nearly two decades earlier.

"My father became ill with diabetes at 55, and the doctor said he had only two years to live if he retired and took it easy," Joe remembered. "The family encouraged him to sell our farmland and equipment and return to Japan, where he could live comfortably in retirement."

Young Muratsuchi knew a little Japanese, but not enough to read or write or continue his education. So he took a day job as a bookkeeper and attended language lessons at night. Curious about the country, Joe felt like a tourist on an extended visit. "We slept on straw mats and ate different foods than I was used to. I enjoyed it because everything was strange and new."

Shortly after he began work, a man in civilian clothes came to visit Joe's boss. "At the time, I didn't know he was there to find out about me," recalled the father of two. "He wanted to know about my attitude toward Japan and my work habits."

The mysterious man visited several times, then one day asked to see Joe. "That's when I found out he was with the Thought Police — the political arm of the Japanese military police. It was his job to keep track of my actions and movements."

Muratsuchi is a native of Idaho.

Soon, the Thought Police asked to see the letters Joe had received from his stateside friends. Before long, he was required to visit their offices regularly to show them the contents of letters he planned to send.

"Each time, they became more insistent and began censoring my mail," Mr. Muratsuchi continued. "I heard they could be tough, so I did exactly what they said. I was told when I reached 20 I'd have to report for a physical. Those who passed would be drafted." He ended up Class A, the most likely to be called.

"That's when I told them I was an American and didn't understand why I should be drafted," Mr. Muratsuchi said, reliving the memory. "But it was no use. They said I'd have to report or face prison or a firing squad. Some choice!"

Three months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Joe resigned himself to the reality of his ironic predicament and donned the uniform of a Japanese soldier. Still unable to speak the language well, he learned the hard way.

"And fast!" he added. "I didn't know what the words meant at first; I just tried to mimic everyone." A wrong response brought verbal abuse and beatings. At night, he asked fellow soldiers to say slowly the words of the Soldier's Code, which he was required to memorize.

He wrote down phonetically the sounds he heard. The same for marching orders and other instructions. "I learned quickly not to say 'I don't know' or 'I forgot,'" Mr. Muratsuchi said. "That was worse than a wrong answer and only brought on more beatings."

Basic training, which lasted six months, began with eight weeks of close-order drill. After that, trainees spent part of the day in drill and the rest learning their jobs, a combination of tech school and basic training. Joe was placed in a class of future truck drivers.

Living conditions were crude. "We slept on cots made from rice straw,"

he said. "We had no trunks or lockers, but stored our belongings on a shelf over our cots. Just for fun, some of the senior troopers would sneak in during the day and clean off our shelves with one sweep of a stick. When we came back at night, tired and dirty after working all day, we'd have to rearrange everything perfectly or face more punishment.

"Clothes were to be folded and stacked in a square," said the 66-year-old employee, chuckling. "We used two pieces of wood to press the edges into a square. Have you ever tried to make a shirt look like a box?"

Uniforms were plain and practical. Soldiers were given one set of old uniforms and instructed not to launder them. "They didn't want us wasting time cleaning them, since we wore the same uniform everyday," Joe said, holding a finger to his nose.

Trainees also received two undershirts, two pairs of pants, a "Wheel" cap, a baseball cap, shoes and socks, and one dress uniform to wear during ceremonies or when parents were allowed their monthly visit.

During the last week of basic, trainees were instructed to get out their brushes and soap and scrub the caked-on mud and grease from the smelly uniforms. When they passed inspection, the hand-me-down wool uniforms were re-issued to the next crop of conscripts.

Wages were a paltry 5 yen a month, but when Private Muratsuchi transferred to overseas duty in China, his pay soared to 8.5 yen a month. Pay was low to be sure but the frugal could make it stretch 'till payday.

The Hickam-based historian spent the majority of his Army hitch driving trucks in China. When he was discharged four years later he wore the rank of Superior Private, the highest private rank in the Japanese Army.

He stayed home for a month to rest and during that time, learned the occupation forces were looking for interpreters. So the young American, who learned to speak Japanese by trial and error, landed a job with the liaison forces. He later transferred to a government team to help solve legal and educational problems, and in 1947 he married his Japanese sweetheart. Soon after, he switched jobs again, this time working as an interpreter for Army intelligence.

That's when he discovered he could try to clarify his citizenship status. Since he had served the enemy, Mr. Muratsuchi was uncertain if he would ever be able to return to his U.S. home. He spent countless hours tracking down the mysterious man from the Thought Police and the recruiting colonel to obtain statements that would prove his allegiance to America.

"Luckily, they were still alive," Joe said, moving aside a stack of historical documents that seem to overrun his office. "The recruiting colonel was reluctant to cooperate at first, because he knew I worked for Army intelligence. He thought I was there to investigate him for war crimes. When I finally convinced him of my reason for visiting, he said he was glad to see me and happy that I'd survived."

During his visit with the man from the Thought Police, Joe discovered that officials knew he was coming to Japan even before he arrived. "They started a file on me when my parents applied for my visa," he explained, still astonished they would be so interested in a young kid born in Idaho.

When he finally collected the needed statements in 1951, they filled a three-inch-thick folder. It had taken four years, but the former Japanese soldier was determined to prove he wasn't a traitor. "Rather than apply for citizenship, I was advised to apply for a U.S. passport, since there was some confusion over my status," Mr. Muratsuchi said. If his passport were denied, it meant he had lost his citizenship and would have to apply for reinstatement first.

Upon arrival at the passport office, officials opened his bulging folder. On top lay a pink slip of paper similar to his now infamous draft notice. On it were the words, "drafted under duress." A few minutes later, Joe Muratsuchi walked out with his precious U.S. passport.

When the Army intelligence office closed at Nagoya in 1958 he transferred to Tokyo, and became a clerk in the history office at Camp Zama, Japan. Seven months later, the history office closed, and Joe moved to Hawaii as an editorial assistant.

His father slowly regained his strength and health and lived not only two years, but another 20. Joe's son is an Army major in the Corps of Engineers, and his daughter is a certified public accountant in Hawaii.

The dentures he wears are a grim reminder of the beatings Private Muratsuchi suffered when he didn't respond correctly to orders from his Japanese superiors.

But Joe understands and bears no grudges and has no regrets. The man who once needed a co-worker to tell him about the attack on Pearl Harbor believes he was given new life as an interpreter.

Today, he occasionally travels to Japan, where his mother still lives. In a way, his life has come full circle. Most of his days are spent only a few miles from the Arizona War Memorial, a reminder of the fateful day in 1941 that eventually helped turn American-born Joe Muratsuchi into a Superior Private.

The above article is reprinted from the AIRMAN Magazine of America's Air Force by permission of CMSgt. Vickie M. Graham, Associate Editor and Joe Muratsuchi. Photos by TSgt. Bill Thompson, Assistant Director of Photography.

Memorial to honor Guadalcanal veterans

Joseph Micek

Last August, I took my own step back across time to those stirring months of 1942, when gallant young Americans assaulted Guadalcanal's formidable beaches to block Japan's relentless march across the Pacific.

My purpose in going to Guadalcanal was to explore and reconfirm a memorial site near Hill 72 overlooking the Matanikau River and Iron Bottom Sound. This ambitious project is jointly sponsored by the United States Monuments Commission, and the Guadalcanal-Solomon Islands War Memorial Foundation.

I arrived at Henderson Field (what a change) on August 4. During the next week I visited many of the sites associated with the invasion and defense of the Canal. Fortunately, most of the time we had an excellent guide with us and a Marine who had amazing recall.

Among the places we visited were Invasion Red Beach, Edson's Bloody Ridge, (which had a small American monument on one edge), Cape Esperance, Tulagi, Gavutu, Mount Austen, Matanikau River and Tenaru River. I took a spoonful of dirt or sand from each battle site on Guadalcanal, Tulagi, and Gavutu, and placed them in a plastic bag labeled "The Sands of Guadalcanal."

The Mount Austen area, especially Hill 27, brought back vivid memories to me. My battalion (2nd Battalion, 132nd Infantry, Americal Division) stormed it during December 1942 and January 1943. I think I actually found my old foxhole on Hill 27.

During my visit, I hosted a luncheon for 20 high public officials, including the following: the U.S. Attache, British High Commissioner, Secretary to the Prime Minister of the Solomon Islands, religious leaders, newscasters, etc.

The huge obelisk we propose is similar to the one erected on the Normandy beachhead. It will be constructed of light colored granite from the State of Georgia. With the help of the Army and Navy, the obelisk will be shipped to Guadalcanal and erected on the site.

The Military Park will be replete with directional walls (radial), which will point to the major battle areas and include descriptive plaques. Visitors to the area will find granite beaches, wide steps, steel flag poles, tropical plants, and a huge aggregate floor.

A certified architect on Guadalcanal will supervise the project. Contracts in perpetuity will be let to maintain the total Memorial in top condition. We expect this ambitious project to be completed within 12 to 18 months.

In this way, we hope the sacrifice of many Americans in defense of their country on a far-flung battlefield will be preserved forever.

JOSEPH MICEK is treasurer of the Guadalcanal Veterans Association.

This WASP was a busy Bee

Madge Minton

One WASP (Women Air Force Service Pilots) became a special kind of "Bee" and an extemely busy one.

At Avenger Field, AAFTD, Sweetwater, Texas, where Bernice Falk Haydu was learning to fly the army way, her friends started calling her Bee because she never got lost but homed in to the airfield like a bee to the hive. The nickname stuck. Today she is Bee to everyone; and "Busy Bee" to her children.

Bee was an executive secretary when the sky beckoned her in 1944 and she traded her desk for Stearmans, PT15's, BT13's and AT6's. Many WASP were currently ferrying planes from factories to ports of embarkation, but by the time Bee and her classmates had won their wings the Ferry Command needed no additional pilots.

WASP not assigned to the Ferry Command were flight-checking repaired planes before they were OK'd for male cadets; delivering badly damaged "red-lined" aircraft to repair depots; towing targets for anti-aircraft trainee practice; flying searchlight strafing and simulated bombing missions; flight-checking untried new pressurization systems at stratospheric altitudes: testing prototype gun-firing mechanisms; new types of superchargers, fuel distribution systems, and numerous engine innovations. They copiloted for SNAFU (Army Air Lines) and generally made themselves useful to the AAF.

Bee did her war service at the Pecos Airbase; flying whatever — when and where it was needed.

Like her fellow WASP, Bee never forgot those heady days in Sweetwater and the doors which were opened to her during her brief tenure. Those doors suddenly slammed shut on December 20, 1944, when the WASP program was terminated and Bee, along with her comrades, was dismissed and told to, as one male pilot put it, "go home and learn to cook."

WASP fully expecting to be formally militarized were mad as hornets. Many had been sent to the officers candidate school at Orlando Florida. But hopes for militarization died when, on June 21, 1944, WASP Bill HR 4219 was defeated by 19 votes in the House of Representatives as male veterans, many of whom were pilots freshly returned from the European theater, lobbied vocally, persistently and loudly from the visitors' gallery.

This slap in the face was the ultimate putdown for Bee and the WASP who asked little more than to be recognized as members of the armed forces fighting for their country.

The WASP slipped away home. Many tried to find flying jobs in civil aviation but few were available. A dozen WASP became flight instructors; a few ferried planes for private industry; two took up crop-dusting and another managed a small airport.

Bee poses on wing of her Stearman PT 17 in 1944 at Avenger Field, Texas

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Several taught male fledgling pilots meteorology and navigation. Gradually, like old soldiers, WASP faded away as the war ended and memories of Warhawks, Thunderbolts, Mustangs and Flying Fortresses were shared only with family and a few friends.

All this was changed when Bee became president of the WASP alumni organization in 1975. Years before, Colonel Bruce Arnold, son of General "Hap" Arnold who had played a key role in the founding the WASP, had pledged to correct the wrong of the women pilots being denied their military status. Colonel Arnold had numerous political contacts on Capitol Hill, but he needed a strong catalyst within the WASP organization .

Bee was that person.

Fortunately Bee had a strong Board of Directors to help her. These included Sara Hayden, vice-president; Elizabeth Nicholas, secretary-treasurer; Leota Deaton and Mary Wyall, members at large; and Betty Cross, newsletter editor. Bee and her team moved into the small lower-level office at the Army-Navy Club not far from the Capitol and set to work writing press releases and sending news and instructions to WASP nation-wide. There were still about 800 women of the original 1074; 38 had died in service during the war.

While Bee was raising funds to initiate the campaign, Arnold lined up some powerful backers to sponsor new WASP bills. These included Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Congresswoman Lindy Boggs of Louisiana, and Congresswoman Margaret Heckler of Pennsylvania.

Bee and her crew went into action. They buzzed practically every representative and senator. Meantime, WASP dug into trunks and attics to provide written documentation of their unique service. Uniforms, stored for decades, were unwrapped and cleaned, insignia burnished and many jacket buttons reset for a wider girth as uniformed WASP stationed themselves in shopping malls, visited American Legion posts, gave talks in schools about their work to win the war, and collected thousands of signatures in support of their project.

It was clearly up to the WASP to prove their military status in World War II. The media, skeptical at first, slowly became convinced that the WASP were for real.

The new WASP bills were favorably voted out of committees in September 1977, and House and Senate versions were reconciled. President Jimmy Carter, the following November 23, signed the WASP bill into law, thereby giving the women pilots their rightful place in history.

Bee and her staff were abundantly rewarded as Honorable Discharges from the Air Force of the United States were distributed to the WASP in recognition of their service to their country at war in 1943-44.

Bee and her compatriots had made their point.

Bee proudly displays plaque given her by the P-47 Pilots Association

Still flying, Bee perches on the wing of her PT 17 Stearman, Lantana Airport, Florida.

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Troopers of Co. C. 2nd Battalion, 501st Infantry, 101st Airborne Division, call in helicopters to take them out of the jungle (1971).

Tour of duty

Timothy Renshaw

"What can they do to us... send us to Nam?" We must have said it a hundred times during 1970. Little did we know what was to happen in the next few months.

Here we were at DINFOS, (Defense Information School — Fort Benjamin Harrison, IN) a collection of all the services (including women!). We had survived basic training and made it to AIT (Advanced Individual Training). We were a bit cocky (a bit.. ha! a lot!). We were going to be military journalists, disk jockeys, photographers, news hounds Jimmy Olsen, Clark Kent, Lois Lane, Walter Cronkite. They would not send US to Vietnam. No... no way.

Our class was to get into a bunch of trouble in the next couple of months. There were the fire extinguisher fights, the shopping cart races in the barracks hallways, the one and only time we were "allowed" to pull K.P. But any time we conjured up one of these schemes we tagged it with "What can they do to us... send us to Nam?"

Soon DINFOS graduation would come. There were 19 of us Army types...sure enough when the orders were posted all 19 had RVN (Republic of Vietnam) out to the side. What had we done to deserve THIS!

A quick trip home to say goodbye and soak up the last drops of civilization, then...WELCOME TO FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON. They took away our state side fatiques and gave us JUNGLE fatiques...lots of pockets and enough room for all that stuff you would carry over to Vietnam but throw away within a week.

On the way to Nam we had stopped in Japan to refuel. We were not allowed to leave the plane and stretch. because some Japanese students were at the gate protesting our presence and the "War." Already we were not welcome somewhere.

As our jet touched down on the runway at Cam Ranh Bay, we could see a few ships in the harbor and lots of sand. Gobs of sand. Miles of sand. Why the whole place looked like a beach...maybe, just maybe this might not be so bad.

As our plane rolled to a stop, we came under "attack." Vietnamese men swarmed all over the plane. I knew that we were all dead. Some enlightened member of our party informed me that this was a civilian ground crew and not "the enemy." Thank heavens I was just stupid.

As we deplaned, I really expected someone to hand me a weapon, a sharp stick, a rock, something. No... I was a military journalist, what need did I have for such "Army" kind of things anyway. I was later told I would probably have hurt myself or someone nearby if they had given me a loaded weapon.

After a bit of indoctrination, we were shown where to eat, sleep, go to the bathroom and stand formation for assignments. Right there in the middle of the sand was a sign with a map of the country with areas and towns labeled with names that sounded like bells ringing or some other such thing. Kien Giang, Chuong Thien, Phong Dinh, Da Nang, Quang Tri, Phu Bai, Dak To and Saigon.

Ah Saigon, that's where we would be going. Air-conditioned quarters, studios, offices, you name it. The Army did not train us to go into the jungle; we must be going to Saigon.

Early that afternoon we had our first formation that began to break up our cozy little group. As assignments were being handed out and we looked at the map to see where everyone was

going, we picked up on a new phrase being used by the "old timers" around us. "Phu Bai is alright."

For those of you without a map handy... Phu Bai is up north.. way up north. You can almost smell the DMZ from Phu Bai. Well we did not get any assignments that evening so like the man said...Phu Bai is alright.

We got another one of those "Army" jokes about an hour and a half later. BOOM, BOOM BOOM!! Three and a half miles away Viet Cong "sappers" (guys with loin cloths and satchel charges) slipped into the main ammo dump and blew it up. Now when an ammo dump blows up and this is your first day "in-country" three and a half miles seems to be in your pocket!

Our second day there saw the old group start to bust up. Some went to Saigon!!! Others went to some of those "sing' song" areas. Some of us went nowhere. But... "Phu Bai is alright."

That evening we found out what that was supposed to mean. The rumor is that "Hanoi Hanna" (North Vietnam's version of Tokyo Rose) had relatives living in the Phu Bai area and that town was "protected" from NVA (North Vietnamese Army) and V.C. rocket attacks.

Hanoi Hanna would announce in the evenings, "Five rockets...Quang Tri, three rockets...Camp Eagle, but...Phu Bai is all right." Sure enough within the next few hours five rockets would hit Quang Tri, three would hit Camp Eagle, but Phu Bai would go unscathed. Needless to say these broadcasts were very demoralizing to anyone on "the list" (except of course those in Phu Bai).

On the third afternoon all hopes of an air-conditioned office and a desk to put my feet on were dashed in the sands of Cam Ranh Bay. They called my name and aimed me toward the dreaded Phu Bai line. I looked at that big four by eight foot one more time...you could reach the DMZ with just one hand from Phu Bai! Too close.

There were only two major cities between Phu Bai and the DMZ. Hue and Quang Tri. I was certain you could walk to either one of them in a day.

The next couple of hours were ours to use as we liked. I looked to see if they had really put my name on the right list. Well, it may not have been the right list but my name WAS on it. They herded us into a C-130 and strapped us into web seats.

We all went deaf in the first few minutes from the noise of the turbo prop engines, so we were left with nothing to do but wonder if the plane could still fly if that big back door were to drop open, again.

Touch down. Welcome to Quang Tri. It was dark. The darkest dark I had ever seen. Off the plane and into a duce-and-a-half truck with wooden side rails. A short ride off into the darkness, past buildings that we could not identify because of the darkness. Last stop, one of the bigger buildings, a deserted mess hall.

Major Ewell White and Lieutenant Michael Zais, 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry, 101st Airborne Division, try to cheer a melancholy tot at the Tinh Linh Orphanage in Quang Tri.

We were fed something. I am not sure anyone knew what it was, just some kind of left-overs since the mess hall had closed a couple of hours before. We had to be fed though; it is not fair to put a soldier on "all night" guard on an empty stomach.

We were instructed how to fire the "claymore mines" with the "hand clackers." The "hand clacker" next to the claymore one was for the "foo-gas." (I am sorry if I never learned how to spell foo-gas but I did write down the recipe). This stuff was homemade napalm, in 55 gallon drums, angled at 45 degrees away from the perimeter.

All of this was surrounded by razor wire and from this, beer cans, with small rocks inside, were hung to rattle if someone got into the wire.

We were issued weapons. I got an M-16 with REAL bullets and a helmet. Oh joy! A couple of others were put in charge of an M-60 .

We were soon left to fend for ourselves with these reassuring words, "If you see anything, challenge it, if it answers, shoot it."

Three A.M. It's the Fourth of July 1971! Boy does foo-gas make a lot of light. Then claymores, M-60s and a lot of swearing. Well I might as well get into the act... one empty clip, then another. "What are we shooting at?" "Somebody is in the wire." "Where?" "I don't know, just, just out there!" Lock and load another clip, release the handle, bup, bup, bup. Nice three round bursts (Drill Sergeant Bottoms would be so proud...), but at what. I don't know and I don't care as long as those .223s are between me and whoever is "out there."

Daylight, heavenly daylight. We look through the wire. Nothing. Just a blackened hole where the foo-gas was and a pretty good sized hole in the wire where the claymores were. A search of the area was made. Nothing. No V.C., NVA, Sappers, not even a dog's hind leg.

I am certain "Charlie" was sitting off somewhere laughing his butt off while he watched us put the wind out of its misery. Our "hosts" at Quang Tri were not amused by our little "joke" and soon had us out of there and on our way to our "permanent" assignments in I Corps.

Well, there it is... Phu Bai. "Hey, we passed Phu Bai!" "Ya, I know. Yer going to Camp Eagle." Camp Eagle? Where is that? In a moment I had my answer... it is across the road from Phu Bai. I wonder if the NVA and Charlie know the difference when they send in those rockets Hanoi Hanna talks about?

Camp Eagle, Screaming Eagles, 101st Airborne (Airmobile)... my unit. Wait a cotton picken' minute... aren't those the jokers that jump from airplanes? No, this is the "New Army"... they jump from helicopters.

101st Airborne (Airmobile) Division Headquarters. Introducing Major Charles McClain, our commanding officer. A man who is not happy doing what the Army has given him to do. An artillery officer stuck with an Information Office. We are here just in time for the day's assignments to be handed out. Renshaw, you report to my quarters. This is it! A special assignment! Break out the notebook and sharpen your pencil. Show 'em everything you learned at DINFOS. "... and when you are through cleaning the Major's quarters come on back up to the office."

Later that same day... "Renshaw, this is Christie. He is going to take you to your office." My office? My office! Well, not quite my office. Actually it is the PID (Public Information Detachment) of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne (Airmobile).

With all of the "barriers" out of the way, Christie starts to show me the ropes. He arranges for a helicopter to take us out to Firebase Birmingham, a very large pile of mud a few miles to the north of Camp Eagle. Christie sets up shop and people with "interesting stories" start heading our way. He takes notes until he has talked with

TO PAGE 34

Tim Renshaw

Classifieds

A torrent of destruction rains from the skies as the battleship "Arizona" takes her fatal blow

That date of in

Rex Redifer

At 7:58 a.m., Hawaiian time, on December 7, 1941, a Naval radioman, Karl Boyer tapped out a message:

"AIR RAID ON PEARL HARBOR. THIS NO DRILL."

The words sent an unsuspecting nation into shock and outrage. It was to go down in history as a day of "infamy." Japan had launched a surprise air attack on the United States Navy fleet anchored quietly in the picturesque Hawaiian Islands.

That was the beginning.

On August 6, 1945, nearly four years later, Captain Robert Lewis, co-pilot of a B-29 named the **Enola Gay**, scribbled in his journal:

"My God, what have we done?"

He was looking into total devastation. The world was dumbstruck when the **Enola Gay** dropped man-made hell in the form of an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima and nearly wiped it off the face of the earth.

That was the beginning of the end.

A war ended, but the atomic age was born. It was to change the course of history.

In those four, bloody intervening years, a million stories — sad, heroic, tragic, comic, poignant — were told. They would never be forgotten by those who lived them.

But, passing years have shadowed the past, and one must probe a swirl of events to examine the historical impact.

America won the war. But, did it win the peace?

That question, after nearly half a century, rests uneasy on a generation of men — fading men — veterans of World War II who look back on those times and wonder if it all will be so soon forgotten.

Pulitzer Prize winning author John Toland, in his book, **Infamy: Pearl Harbor and Its Aftermath**, observed, "...A final victim is the present state of the world. Imagine if there had been no war in the East. There would have been no Hiroshima and perhaps no threat of nuclear warfare."

But, that is to beg the question. With hindsight, one reads an August 27, 1945 editorial which appeared in **Life** magazine with some sense of alarm.

It asks:

"Was it all worthwhile?"

And goes on to say in part, "...The national (Japan's) defeat, though generally understood in a formal sense, is a mere reality — and temporary reality at that. But in the minds of the Japanese, appearance is fully as important as reality and they will find more ways to keep up appearances than the longest memoried chatelaine who ever survived the magnolia-scented Old South."

It was a notation worth consideration. In recent years, Japan has wantonly denied responsibility for starting World War II, and even distorts the history of those years in lessons it teaches its present generation of school children.

The 1945 editorial continued:

"...this means that they (the Japanese) will eventually try to bring the reality of their situation back into balance with their idea of it (the noble national policy) ...The Japanese mind — so closed yet keen, so antlike yet inspired — is a sort of feudal atom which the 20th Century must find a way to split."

Today, some 43 years after that evaluation, Japan has reemerged as a formidable world power, not in the military sense, but as an economic giant in a world re-structured on international finance and trade.

The question then arises, do we dare forget Pearl Harbor and again drift into deep sleep?

There are those who look back on those grim years and claim it was an "innocent" time in American history, that the nation will never be caught so guileless and ill-prepared again.

In truth it was a bitter, isolated, festering time. The nation was so cramped with internal pain, opposing factions and the Great Depression, it failed to recognize the cancer spreading across the Far East and Western Europe.

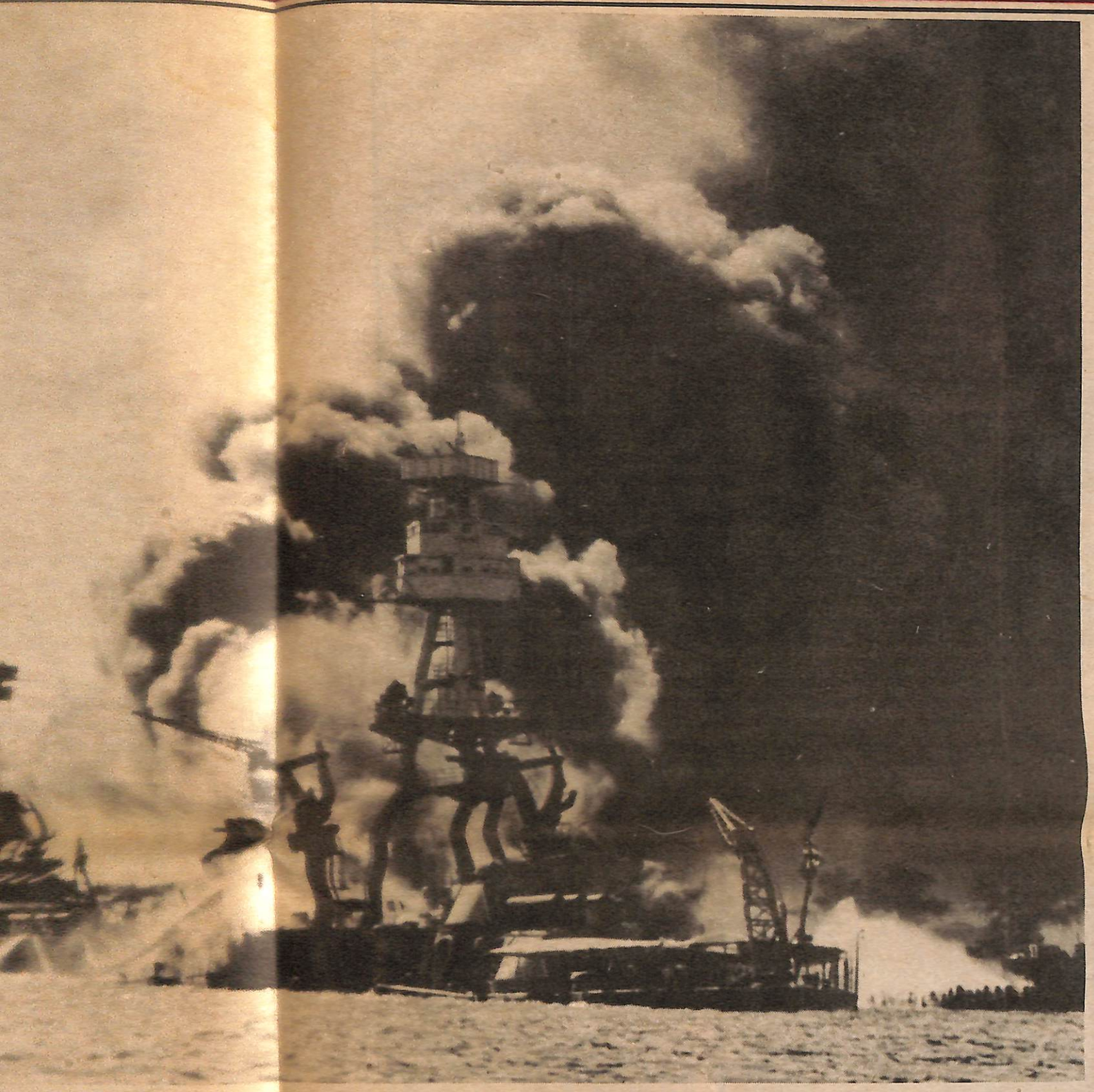
It was a time when the nation slowly was emerging from breadlines in Boston, when men only recently sold apples on street corners in Chicago, when Oakies were fleeing the Midwest dustbowl.

We listened back then to Roy Acuff sing of **The Great Speckled Bird**, Gene Autry of **Mexicali Rose**; we watched **Snow White** and **Gone With the Wind**; and laughed as the Silvertone newsreels pictured Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini goose-stepping to great cheering crowds and waving flags. We smiled on items labled "made in Japan" as pure junk. Burma and China were as unreal to the average American as Shangri La, and besides, oceans away.

In light of history, it is incredible that military leaders so completely underestimated and miscalculated Japanese capabilities. The blueprint for the Pearl Harbor attack was evident as far back as 1904, when Japan's Admiral Togo, without declaration of war, led a similar surprise attack by torpedo boat against the Russian fleet at Port Authur, ensuring a decisive victory over a superior Russian navy in the Russo-Japanese War.

Equally perplexing is the overestimation of Pearl Harbor as an "impregnable fortress" termed by General George C. Marshall, then Army chief of staff, just weeks prior to the attack.

As far back as February, 1932, a simulated air attack was carried out successfully by our own armed forces during training maneuvers over Hawaii. Still, the prevailing thought was any attack on Pearl could easily be repulsed by American forces.



es as the battleship "Arizona" takes her fatal blow. America's world of innocence had ended.

date of infamy

Rex Redifer

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In retrospect, it is inexplicable the ineptness of American policy so rigid and unbending in negotiating with the Japanese in avoiding a conflict that Japan was prepared to compromise and avoid at almost any cost.

The attack on Pearl Harbor was a desperate measure and considered by Japanese military experts no more than a gamble at best.

Americans awoke that quiet morning with no forewarning that the day would change many of their lives forever.

In Indianapolis, as in cities across America, it dawned a typical wintery morning. The temperature had dropped to a brisk 25 degrees during the night. The forecast promised a warming trend to 45 during the afternoon.

The world news was unsettling. That morning, the early riser might have read in the **Indianapolis Sunday Star** that "Moscow faces 1,500,000 Nazi Invaders," or might have read, "U.S. Informed 125,000 Japs in Indo-China."

But that was half a world away. More reassuring news was that "President Roosevelt (the night before) addressed a personal message to Emperor Hirohito of Japan for maintenance of peace in the Pacific, which the United States maintained is now threatened by reported Japanese military movements in Indo-China and the Gulf of Siam."

To be sure, it was a war-torn world, but America seemed secure and oceans away from it all. Thoughts in Indianapolis centered largely on the Christmas season. After the lean years of the Great Depression, it promised to be a more prosperous holiday.

Advertisements filled the paper's pages: Finer topcoats and overcoats and two-trouser Balboa Suits for $39.50; raincoats $5.95; girls' shoes $2.

Other news was that Sonja Henie and her Hollywood Ice Review would appear at the Coliseum; Stella Mills at the Fox Burlesk; Dick Jurgens at the Indiana Roof. More immediate were the antics of Lil Abner, Mickey Finn and Big Chief Wahoo in the "funny papers."

It was shortly after 2 p.m., when radio programs were interrupted by the incredible announcement that Japanese aircraft were bombing Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands. Immediately, a numbed nation gathered around its radios in disbelief. Early shock gave way to blind fury as the afternoon wore on.

It was a day frozen in time.

Especially for those who were there.

Charles W. Newkirk was a 20-year-old farm boy from Rushville, IN, who that day was a United States Army sergeant stationed at Schofield Barracks on the island of Oahu. Like many other young men in the late 1930s, he was out of work. With no prospects for a job, he had signed up in 1938 for a three-year *hitch in the Army. He was assigned to the Intelligence Corps, had earned his stripes and decided to re-enlist. Meanwhile,* he had saved furlough time for three years, and was scheduled that Sunday to leave for home for 90 days to spend Christmas back in the states with his folks.

"Man, I thought I had it made," he recalled.

"Then, the bottom fell out. I didn't make it home and I never got that furlough..."

John C. Berlier, 28, Indianapolis, was assigned to the USS **Sacramento**, which lay at anchor in Pearl Harbor that Sunday morning. He had the day free, and with his wife and young son, decided to tour the island by car.

It dawned a typically tropical day on the island of Oahu.

The island swarmed with American Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines who had gathered there in recent months for military maneuvers.

In the harbor, nearly two dozen American warships of the Pacific fleet, were anchored in clusters near Ford Island.

At Wheeler Field, sleek American pursuit planes stood in cramped rows, and at Hickam Field, equal numbers of huge American bombers were closely grouped and guarded against possible sabotage.

The day was coming slowly to life. The sun came up on a sparkling blue vista, palm trees glistened in the early morning dew. Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines arose sleepily and headed to breakfast at Schofield, at Hickam and at Pearl on the island of Oahu.

There wasn't a hint that, an hour earlier, at dawn, 200 miles to the north, an armada of Japanese aircraft — fighters, bombers, dive bombers and torpedo planes — were launched from a six-carrier Japanese task force, **Kido Butaim**, and were enroute toward Pearl Harbor.

At 7:55 a.m., just about an hour after sun-up, Sgt. Newkirk, assigned that day to a field unit, heard muffled explosions and looked up to see planes.

"We all thought they were ours and wondered what they were doing out practicing that early on a Sunday morning."

"It did not take long for the truth to register as the island

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